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T O

Dr. R O U N G.

By Mr. T U R N E R.

Vera redivit facies, dissimulata perit.

P. AR.

The S E C O N D E D I T I O N.



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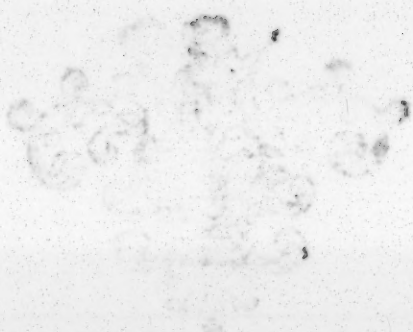
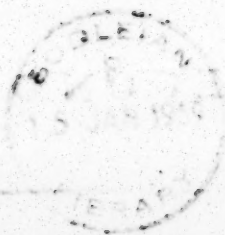
RECEIVED

TO

DEPT. OF AGRICULTURE

WASHINGTON

RECEIVED



OF THE
Depravity of Human Nature:

TO

Dr. EDWARD YOUNG.

EDWARD YOUNG

EDWARD YOUNG

AN
EPISTLE
TO
Dr. ROUNG.

RARE *Virtue*, who forsook the Town with You,
Is here much *talk'd of*, tho' she *visits* Few:
Where exil'd *Truth's* so utterly resign'd,
None boast to *know* her, and none hope to *find*.
With Thee she dwelt, long plum'd Thy daring Pen,
Design'd its Course, and scourg'd the Sons of Men:

Vice, then in Darkneſs ſculk'd, far fitteſt Place ;
 Now *ſtalks* broad Day, and *ſtares* you in the Face.
 The Bar, the Senate, T-----, or Pulpit ſee,
 Nothing is *ſingular* but *Honeſty* :
 While all the Virtues Heav'n to Man e'er gave,
 But furniſh out Diſguiſes for the Knave.
 Did ever *Sanctity* ſuch Numbers aid,
 As the *Reſemblance* of it has betray'd ?
 How fruitleſs ſhall exterior Judgment be,
 To ward the Impoſtures of Hypocriſy !
 Shou'd we too warily *ſuſpect* Deceit,
 Our own *Suſpicions* juſtify the Cheat :
 Yet *think* no Guile where you no Guile *diſcern*,
 Sucklings and Babes ſhall liſp, *you have to learn*.
 Exiſts *Simplicity*? then point me where
 The *Serpent* lurks, that I avoid his Snare ;
Pale, lean, religious, as the cloiſter'd Saint,
 All veil'd with *Innocence*, as Punks with *Paint*,
 You'd ſwear that Pray'r and Faſt had waſted Life ;
 Him, Night in Dalliance found with Appio's Wife :
 Angels and Miniſters of Grace, in Crape !
 If Heaven wou'd inſnare, us, who ſhall 'ſcape.

Such

Such was PASTORIO, or the Million lyes;
 A worn-out Letcher, with uplifted Eyes.
 But lye, cheat, stab, betray, excise, or whore,
 Is there a *Sin*, like that of being *poor*?
 Ask Rev'rend BL--D, and BL--D shall tell you, Yes;
 To think his God or Patron *rule amiss*,

I, clear as LYNCEUS, ken where now he stands,
 And shakes, ÆGEON like, a hundred Hands;
 Deigns gracious *Smiles* on all yon Rascal Tribe,
 Gives each a *Hand*, and with each Hand a *Bribe*.
 Such universal Joy his Presence brings,
 More Blessings shedding than a thousand Springs:
 Mark him anon, in dire *Reflection's* Hour,
 When *Meditation* dark exerts her Power,
 Alone; the *Counterfeit* shakes off Disguise,
 And *stands reveal'd* with full Iniquities.
 Thus on NIPHATES Mount bright URIEL spy'd
 Those *Pangs* Hell's grisly Monarch cou'd not hide:
 Or once, as from ITHURIEL's Spear, the Test
 Of Falshood, all his Darkness *stood confest*:

To Rapine, Spoil, and Treachery resign'd,
Guilt in his Looks, and *Terror* in his Mind.

Sage BACON well observes, that Courtiers all
 Will *climb* in the same Posture as they *crawl*.
 When pension'd SYPHAX wou'd obtain his Ends,
 The People are his *Countrymen* and *Friends*!
 Once chair'd, they're *Mob*, an *inconsiderate*, *rude*,
Unheaded, *many-headed*, *Multitude*!
 Yet from their Error Benefit shall rise:
 The Fool first *suffers*, and is after *wise*.

Is Modesty an innate Principle;
 (Tho' LOCKE oppugn, I must maintain it still)
 So stamp'd and blended with the Infant Face,
 That nothing but a *Court* can quite erase?
 We seek Improvements, or we have them not;
 But this will cost some Pains to be forgot.
 At modish Vice the *honest Cheek* shall burn,
 Till sickly Nature sink into her Urn.
 I've known a learned venerable Sage
Star'd to Confusion by a sawcy Page;

Whose

Whose *forward Genius* in three Weeks learnt more,
 Than Study cou'd have purchas'd at Threescore.
 When CASTA *blush'd* amidst a Crowd of Men,
 Her Mother chid her till she *blush'd* again:
 A youthful Flush the *Lewd* interpret Fire,
 And bashful Innocence becomes Desire.

Amongst Mankind a greater Good ne'er sprung,
 No ampler Treasure, than a *sparing Tongue*:
 In our own Power it's thought the Blessing lies,
 Since for it few have importun'd the Skies.
 Well might PYTHAGORAS think those to seek,
 Who learnt not *Silence* e're they learnt to *speak*.

Yon wanton Beavy of gay Women spy;
 Practis'd to bend the Knee, and roll the Eye:
 Fond to spread Falshoods, and to murder Peace;
 With Ears that *bear not*, Tongues that *never cease*.
 Kneel to these Idols, with Mock Rites adore;
 Proclaim them Gods, they knew as much before:
 Their Virtues many, and their Faults how few;
 Tell this and more, you'll tell them *nothing new*.

SEMPRONIA fills the Eye when she appears,
 And takes a gaping Circle by the Ears:
 Pleas'd while the full-mouth'd Jargon entertains
 Her Hearers, happy in their *Want of Brains*!
 How soft has Nature us'd this fondling Sex,
 Concealing every thing she fear'd might vex.
 She, wise in all her Ways, has well supply'd
 Their Want of *Merit* with no Want of *Pride*.
 Cou'd they their Imperfections know and live,
 What Pain, ye Gods! must such a Knowledge give.

Weak and insipid Friendship's self must prove,
 To such as are too sensible of Love.
 Untam'd and lawless LESBIA feels its Sway;
New Lusts succeeding on the *Old's* Decay:
 Infatiate, wild, and fierce, her Inclination;
 Man's but the *Instrument*, she loves the *Passion*,
 Boast we that SAPPHO is all Virtue? yet
 Let us forbear, till some one seeks for it:
 Like a fair Treasure hoarded in the Ground,
 It shall remain secure, unless it's found.

METRA was long to her *first* Lover true.
 And *still* were, had she not been plagu'd with *two*.
 To look with *Chastity* is CATIA's Care;
 Justly she thinks no Paint can shew so fair:
 'Tis therefore practis'd at her Toilet's Duty,
 And wore as an *Addition* to her *Beauty*.

Who reasons thus at large, tho' you distrust,
 To save the *Many*, are there found *ten* *Just*?
 Produce me Virtue, Honour, or Discretion,
 In one that is not *sick* of her Profession:
 Thro' her best Actions, human Nature trace,
Diffimulation lends to each a *Face*.
 Who are the *Constant*, who are the few *Wise*,
 But such as *hide themselves* from others Eyes?
 What is the *Moderation* of the Great,
 But *Pride* to seem *superior* to their *State*?
 These Maxims *may*, or they *may not*, be true;
 Tho' I believe them all no more than you.
 The subtil Sophist often spins so fine,
 The Works of *Chance* by him are thought *Design*.

What

What seems *most fair*, admits of *most Distrust*;
 He's *well deceiv'd* who judges at the *worst*.
 The wisest Sage of *Greece* advises thus;
 Chiefly beware of being *credulous* :
 And wiser Observations tell of such,
 As judge by Guess, and *read Mankind too much*.
 Of this be sure, if *Knave* or *Fool* absurd,
 No Persecution drags thee from the Herd:
 Be thou as certain, if thou durst be *great*,
 Or *just*, thy Qualities expose to *Hate*,
 Save, cheer, defend, give Worth distress'd thy Labours,
 You do but tacitly *reproach* your *Neighbours*.
 From Joys bestow'd, your purer Joys arise;
 Yet kill *their* Joys *who long to scandalize*.
 The Pleasure we in our Remarks receive,
 On *others* Frailties, *our* Frailties give.
 Say, is it aught but our *own Pride*, my Brothers,
 That causes our Complaints of *Pride* in *others*.
 With how great Magnanimity of Spirit,
We bear those Troubles *other Folks* inherit;
 If once Calamity becomes *our own*,
 You'll marvel where this *Temperance* is flown.

Few share with you the Dole of the Distrest,
 Or chain the Vulture Grief to its own Breast.
 Still *fewer* join, now suffering Virtue bleeds,
 To make it *fashionable* with their *Deeds*.
 Or with like generous Honesty despise,
 What all the *meaner* World so *greatly* prize.
 Some wou'd, indeed, be thought unfortunate,
 To seem deserving of a *better* Fate:
 Partial, and fond of *fancied* *Worth*, they dote,
 The World will think them *worthy* of its *Note*.
 An *Affectation* to be counted wise,
 That hides us from our own and others Eyes:
 Such a *Sufficiency* Mankind have got,
There most to know, *where* it concerns them not.
 Imagination furnishes this Treat,
 Self-cook'd with vain *Opinion* and *Conceit*.
 Something so odd o'er Reason's Sphere prevails,
 'Tis *Humour*, and not *Judgment*, holds the Scales.
Crude Science, as first suck'd, stuffs each dull Head,
 Grown grey in the same Cap where it was *bred*.
 As Wisdom's Shadow cast on prating Schools,
 Pours forth, for *Sons of Light*, a *Group of Fools*:

D

Believing

Believing *no one*, and by *none* believ'd ;
 Deceiving *often*, and as *oft* deceiv'd :
 Stiff, positive, impatient, loud, and loose,
 Proud, careless, dirty, guzzling, and profuse :
 These *Dullness* sends to vindicate her Cause,
 The vapourous Meteors of the *Church* and *Laws*.
 When such shall vaunt of mighty Knowledge got,
 Wisdom shall say to them *I know ye not*.
 Yet wants not here to boast a chosen Few,
 That *seek for* and *delight in* what is true :
 Such who the Paths of *early* Virtue try'd,
 And *timely* took right Reason for their Guide :
 Instructed and inclin'd to hold at Hate,
 The treach'rous Smiles of the phantastick Great ;
 With unambitious Souls that never *kist*,
 Nor *begg'd* a Bounty from the *Regal Fist* :
 Content with virtuous Views, in social Scenes ;
 Nor care what *Flattery* or *Favour* means :
 Indiff'rent whether there *more* Truth or *less* is,
 In *gracious Speeches*, or *submiss Addresses* :
 Commending Peers, nor Princes, till well known ;
 A Scoundrel prais'd, you make *his* Faults your *own*.

Know !

Know! Dignity, Descent, High-blood, and Birth,
 Imply a special *Privilege* from *Worth* :
 Ribbons, and Titles, can alone bestow,
 That valuable Part of Greatness, *Shew* :
 They add not Merit to the vain Possessor,
 Who when the *higher* rais'd, but looks the *lesser*.
 Shou'd a fam'd Fool Embassador be sent,
 His Worthlessness wou'd be *Sole-Eminent* :
 Or if an Atheist cou'd possess a See,
 His were the *Profit*, not the *Piety*.
 Who for the Court thro' Thick and Thin wou'd drudge,
 Has little *Justice*, tho' he were a *Judge*.
 If who gets Place, or Pension, Virtue gets,
P----- will have *Mercy*, *G---* will *pay* his *Debts*.
 The pretty *Gyges* stay his *harmless Spite*,
 And *work* on Samplers, what he meant to *write* :
 Or on a *self-wrought* Couch his Labours rest,
 Or light the *lucid Star* for his own Breast.
 Abilities now always fill the Station,
 A *Minister's* the *Wisdom* of a *Nation*.
 Behold a far, fair *Blenheim's* Pile, who shrouds
 Her tow'ring Head in the familiar Clouds:

Full fraught with princely Deeds, she fees th' Abodes
Of *Him* she proudly bears, and *other Gods*.

Thither if either Chance or Business lead,
Whoe'er thou art, stop there awhile and read;
Read, and admire! What *Briton* e'er could tread
Those Paths where MARLB'ROUGH and his Virtue led?
No Danger could the dauntless Hero move,
Arm'd with ANNE's *Justice*, and her People's *Love*.
Heav'n fought her Battles, and confirm'd her Choice;
The *Will of Heaven* is the *publick Voice*.

Degen'rate Isle, whence springs thy *present Woes*?
Whence this lethargick Sleep, this lull'd Repose?
Thy Summer-spreading Laurels Blast-defac'd,
With baleful Ruin, and a wintry Waste?
What *Millions* spent; what large *Concessions* made!
What Loss of *Honour*, and what Loss of *Trade*!
Huge Armaments, that rot in hostile Seas,
Insulted! *tamely perish* by Disease!
Thy Liberties, by Blood not dearly bought,
Honour and Glory, to their Period brought!

Confusion,

Confusion, as a low'ring Cloud, droops low,
 And meditates the long-diverted Blow!
 O dire Disgrace! O fatal Fall! let none
 Tell what *our Kings* in *Gallick* Camps *have done*.
 Interr'd with ANNA, in one ill-starr'd Hour,
 All Virtue *perish'd*, as it *liv'd before*.

Lo! our bruis'd Arms hang up for Monuments;
 Grim-vifag'd War and Victory relents.
 Soft Sports, gay Revels, and lascivious Plays,
 Shall entertain these *fair, well-spoken* Days.
 Pleasure's the *Guide* of Life, and *Mistress* too;
 This Foe all as their Bosom Friend pursue.
 Let Fools for Fame and Fate sail Foreign Seas,
 We'll perish by *Intemperance* and *Ease*;
 And when Wine, Feast, or Dancing, Love invite,
 Give Reason to the Power of *Appetite*.
 Know, honest Wretch! that art so poor and wise,
 The *Sweets of Sin* make Hell a Paradise.
 Away! thy beggar'd Principles disown,
 Or thou shalt *starve, go naked, and alone*.

A toilsome Chase, and an uncertain Game,
He follows and pursues, who hunts for Fame.

What did *the last good Man* from Virtue draw,
Whose *Life was Rule*, and whose *Example Law*?
What did his Country, since so fam'd for *wise*?
She sent this Treasure to her Enemies.
Humility and *Worth* were never join'd,
Before, with such *Ability* of Mind.
Of Guilt *unconscious*, with a *steady Soul*,
His *Injuries* and *Fame* together roll.
Serene, and blest in every Clime and State,
A *Train of Virtues* held continual Wait:
The Soul triumphant, kept its *Court within*,
Secret its Transport, and its Train unseen:
Amidst *Misfortunes*, above *Fortune* blest,
And *banish'd*, knew no *Banishment* from Rest.

Not WALPOLE's *Wealth*, nor all the *Guards* that wait
Around the Godlike CÆSAR's honour'd Gate,
The *Mind's unhappy Tumults* can controul,
Or charm to Peace the *Passions of the Soul*.

Care does not prey on Misery alone,
 But, Traytor-like, it seizes on the *Throne*,
Much Virtue is requir'd to bear Success;
 The vast Unfortunate may do with *less*.
 And he's the greatest *Sovereign*, who can
 Govern that little Empire called *Man*.
 How is proud Grandeur from its Peace betray'd,
 By *Noise*, *Solemnity*, and vain *Parade*!
 How busy are the Great and Gay below,
 To further and promote their *common Woe*!
 Is there no *golden Medium* to be found;
 No *Seat* for Virtue, and for Vice no *Bound*?
 Is it prerogativ'd to all the *Base*,
 To sculk behind a *Pension*, or a *Place*?
 E'en GYGES' self in conscious Blushes stands,
 Asham'd of Honours, won from *worthier* Hands.
 To Kings, as God's Vicegerents, might we sue,
 Cou'd they with Titles give fit Talents too.
 Alas! their *Sovereign Impotence* is such,
 The * *Evil* triumphs o'er the *Royal Touch*.

* This Distemper, by way of Eminence, was call'd the *King's-Evil*, which they pretended to cure by touching the Person afflicted: A Conceit maintain'd by the Pride of Monarchs, with the Consent of their Physicians, and the Superstition of the People.

Tradition Kingly Power *over-rates,*
As idle Rumour magnifies Estates.
Who would the Royal Blood so much rely on,
To trust his *Carcass* with a *hungry Lion!*

F I N I S.

